HOW THEY PARTED.

The mists of an October morning still hid the valley, but were spreading away, like a curtain, from the hillside, letting in a flood of sun shine upon a little, old, unpainted house, a house that would have looked cheeriess and commonplace if seen with different surroundings, but could not a background of fruit-laden apple trees, and with its bit of a front yard ablaze with late asters and marigolds, and great drifts of red and white petunias, that half hid the path from the gate to the doorstone. But all this brightness of earth and sky contrasted sharply with the gloom within the house. Mrs. Marston was washing the breakfast dishes. She was a little, fussy woman, whose faded blue eyes had never lost their look of childlike faith and trust, nor a certain kindly light, though har hair was heavily streaked with gray, of her own. Her husband sat by the fire greasing his boots, his usually placid face wearing a look of helplessness. trouble and bewilderment, as he paused in his work and said:

"So you're tired of me, be you Polly? Is that what you said?" "Yes, that's what I said, David;" here she paused to steady her voice. "I can't

stand your shif'less ways no longer." "Well, Polly, you've said some pretty pi'nted things to me, one time an' another; out an' out before as you was tired of me. Seems as though you didn't quite mean it now. Seems as though mebbe you're kind of put out an' talk stronger than you

"Well, I do mean it. My patience is clean worn out. Here I be a-workin' an' a-slavin' week in an' week out, an' you jest a-lettin' every blessed thing go to rack and ruin. Goodness only knows where you expect we'll land at this rate. In the poorhouse, I Every squash'll git froze. Beans a-mildewin'. Not an apple gathered, an' you jest a-spendin' every blessed minit of your time gittin' drunk with that goodfor-nothin' Sam Sloan,

"Now, Polly, that ain't hardly fair. You know I ain't seen Sam Sloan in a month till he came over yisterday to borrer some fish books; an' I didn't git drunk with him, neither." Here David's eyes were lowered to the boots and grease can. "He wanted to take a drink with him out of a bottle he had, an' I couldn't very well refuse, seein' as how he was a neighbor an' hadn't en over in so long. He is-

her hand. "He can't stay away none too long to suit me; not if he stays till doomsday," she snapped out. "I ain't never had no use for Sam Sloan, an' I don't think much of them that has. An' I know jest as well as that you're a-settin there, David that you had more'n one drink." David did not raise his eyes from the grease can. "Oh, I ain't a-denyin', Polly, that we took a little more when he was a-leavin'. I told Sam I guessed I'd better not; that it might fly to my head so as't I couldn't work; but he 'lowed my system needed stimulus, an' it would jest brace me

are Polly faced about with the dishcloth

right up. But it didn't." This last sentence was uttered in a tone that indicated not only David's disappointment, but a feeling of personal injury, as he recalled the manner in which he seemed to have been defrauded of the promised and naturally to be expected, "bracing But if he had expected that this excuse would soften Polly's wrath he did not need a mistake; the swish of skirts and quick step which he heard as she turned did that. Involuntarily he bent his head, as though to examine the patch on the boot in his hand "No; I should say it didn't. When I got home, at dark, jest about tuckered out after workin' at the hotel all day, there

your head on the table fast asleep. The fire out an' not a chore done. The hull afternoon spent in carousin'." There wasn't much carousin' about it. Polly. Sam didn't stay more'n an hour; an' I couldn't do much carousin' when I was asleep, could I?" "No matter, I call that carousin'."

you was a-settin' in the rockin' chair, with

"The decided manner in which Polly hung up the frying pan just then made David think he had better yield that point. "An' this mornin'." she continued, "your head aches, an' you've got a stiff neck an' a crick in your back from bein' crooked over that table so long, an', of course, there sin't no more work for you for a week.' "Oh, never mind, Polly; I'll soon git over that. An' then I could go right at it, an' do up all the fall work in no time. I could cut that hull patch of corn in one day, an' bring in the squashes besides." Here he tried to draw up his bent shoulders and back, but an unusually sharp twinge of pain warned him that words were the better part of valor for him. "I told Sam yesterday that I should be awful busy now for quite a spell, an' couldn't nohow go over to none of them Red Men's meetin's-that I hadn't no time.

"That you hadn't no time! Well, David Marston, you might've told him I wouldn't didn't want to say that, because he told me oncet that I dassent say my soul "Much you was a-thinkin' of your soul when you got in with that set. That was more of your foolishness. I couldn't leave you for two days, whilst I went over to Benton, 'thout your goin' an' j'inin' that

"It ain't no show, Polly," What's it for, then?" "Sam says it's an Order of Red Men.

A secrit sasslety for a little soshil ricrea-"Soshil fiddlestick. I tell you they are right on the spot, to your a-goin', they'd 'a' had you a-traipsin' 'round the country by this time a-hootin' an' a-yellin' an' a-scalpin'. Nice you'd a-looked; a man l old enough to know better, an' a church member, too. There's no tellin' what you'll be up to next-a nigger show, as like's not. Seems as though I only got you out of that wild Injin thing in time for Sam to make a fool of you." The tone of voice n which this was said seemed to be intended to convey the idea that if there was any difference between personating an Indian in a show and drinking with Sam Sloan, that difference was not in favor of the latter. Just a shade of serrow was mingled with the anger in her voice as she added: "It seems, David, as though terror. Then, not hearing the almost endno savin' grace could keep you out of the broad road that leads to ruin." 'Yes, I was always a powerful han' at backslidin'. Seems as though I couldn't to her feet she held in her hand an oldhelp it, some way. Guess I've backslid more'n a hundred times. But, Polly, you've managed to git along many years 'thout really gittin' tired of me till now. Mind, don't say but that you're right about it. ain't no call to find fault with what you You always could see your way clearer'n most people. I don't want to be burden to you, nor stay where I ain't wanted. When I git my boots greased I'll put my clothes in the carpitbag an' git my other hat from upstairs, an' then start for Carbonville. Jest as like as not I can git Polly looked frightened at this, and paused in her work of drying the coffeeot and opened her lips as if about to speak; then, seeming to change her mind, set the coffee pot on the pantry shelf with-The boots were put on, with some difficulty-owing to the lame back-and the carpetbag was soon ready-David's ward-

robe was not an extensive one; and then went upstairs. When he came back with "the other hat" Polly saw, as she took a sidelong glance, that during his absence from the room he had placed something heavy in the breast pocket of his coat, and carefully pinned up the pocket. They had never owned a pistol, had never had any use for a pistol; but could Sam have loaned David one? It was hardly possible, and yet what else could it be? Sam could certainly be expected to do anything he ought not to do. Before taking up the carpetbag he asked Polly if she thought she could milk the cow. The flies bothered so they made the cow "res'less like," he said. "An' Polly, don't forgit to cover up the tomatoes to-night, for onless it should come on to be cloudy there'll be a frost as sure as preachin'. Then he crossed the kitchen to the

mantelpiece, pretending to look for his pipe, which he knew was in his pocket, and, on the way back, hung up the bootjack and put away the can of grease. Seeing then no further excuse for lingering, he took up the carpetbag and went out. He stood for a moment to gaze far away, hesitating and shrinking from something new and strange which he seemed to see in all the world beyond the doorstone. As he closed the gate he turned and looked back to say "Good-Lye."

Polly hung up the dishpan, and then looked after him in utter amazement. She was in earnest, or thought she was, when she said she was tired of him; but she had never thought he really would, or that she wanted him to go. During all the years they had lived together his careless, easy ways had fretted her, but never had she felt quite so discouraged. The "carousin" of the day before had been too much for her naturally hopeful and happy disposition. David's intentions were good, always good. He was not a drunkard, not even what would be called "a drinking man;" but the days were always too short for grateful that at times he almost loves her,

him, and Sam Sloan's free and easy ways, and persuasive tongue had always had, and perhaps always would have an irresistible

fascination for him. Still angry, and perhaps a little conscience stricken, Polly hurriedly put the little kitchen in order; then taking her sunbonnet and shawl from their nail behind the door, she prepared to go out to her day's work. After locking the door, the key, from sheer force of habit, was put in the usual hiding place under the doorstone. More miserable than she had ever been before, and half blinded by tears, she walked to the village. She did her work as well as usual, but in an almost mechanical way; her thoughts all day were either with the lonely traveler

on the road to Carbonville, or in the little, still house she had left in the morning. It was after 5 o'clock when she set out on her way home. The sunshine and bright sky of the morning had given place to dark clouds and a rapidly-shortening twilight. A cold, drizzling rain was falling. Polly had always indulged in fancies about rain, but would hardly have acknowledged it in those words. The rain inspired the hymns she sang. When it fell in great wind-swept sheets she had been wont to see, in imagination, a great army of soldiers marching to battle, with waving banners, martial music, and all the pomp and circumstance of war. Then her voice rang out-as well as that thin, piping treble could ring-with "Hold the Fort," or "Onward, Christian Soldiers." And, busy about her household duties, she marched triumphantly between cook stove and pantry, with a step that was so like, yet so unlike, a military step, that it was but just saved, by her almost pathetic sincerity, from being ridiculous When the thunder of battle was over and she heard in the winds and sobbing rain only the sighs and plaint of the wounded and vanquished, she sang, in a quavering,

'Come ye disconsolate, where'er ye lan-When soft summer rain fell with the oothing, dreamy sound of a lullaby, she sang, in a voice more even now: My peace like a river grows deeper and

sympathetic voice:

To-night, true to the old habit, as she looked out along the lonely road, she re-peated, half aloud, the words of the hymn

"I am sad and heavy hearted;

No refuge on earth for me." The way had never seemed so long or her feet so tired. She had often gone over the road as late as this; but then David always came to meet her if the night was dark, and a light in the kitchen window could be seen when she reached the corner, which was half way home. To-night there would be nothing to shorten the way. And how was she to find the cow in the darkness and rain? She was too tired to make a fire or get supper, and thought she would go to bed without either .. David ought to have known he could not live alone. The "carousin" of the night before did not seem so unpardonable an offense when she remembered that it was the only and a warm supper waiting for her. What could he be thinking of, at his age, to want to work in a mine? Perhaps he had been suffocated by firedamp by this time, or walled up in some long forgotten passageway. There was always something happening-something terrible-in a mine And what of that pistol-it must have been a pistol-in his pocket. David was not used to firearms, and could not be expected to be on his guard against the treachery and bloodthirstiness of those fearfully and wonderfully made things. It might have gone off suddenly and unexpectedly-might even bave blown his whole head off. And she involuntarily closed her eyes as though shutting out the ghastly

By this time her shoes were wet through and as she turned the corner the wind blew her wet sunbonnet across her face, and, for a moment, shut out the dim outlines of the road before her. She stopped to fold back the bonnet and wipe the tears and rain from her face, and then, looking up, stood in a doubting, questioning amazement. There was a light in the window. What could it mean? Could David really be there? The darkness, cold and rain were quite forgotten as she hurried on along the muddy road, through the gate and up the path between the rainsplashed flowers; still keeping the lightthe welcome light-in view, until she opened the door and stood within the kitchen. Could this be the room she had pictured to herself when she started for home? Here was light and warmth in place of the darkness and cold. The supper table was set as usual, and an appetizing odor of baked potatoes, tea and stewed apples, filled the room. And, most wonderful of all, there was David hurrying in through the back door, with the milk pail, and in the cheeriest voice-seemingly forgetful of all the perils of the day-telling her why he had not gone to meet her. "I 'lowed I should certainly git to the corner." he said; "but that pesky cow was away off in the back lot, an' wouldn't come for no callin'. So I jest had to foot it all the way over there after her. But, Polly, come right up to the fire an' set down in the rockin' chair, whilst I hang up your wet bunnit an' shawl. It beats all how wet you air! Here, let me take off your wet clothes an' put them on the wood box to dry. I jest knowed how it would be when I see it comin' on to rain; that you couldn't noways in reason milk that cow nor have things comfortable-like here, as they ought to be, an' so I jest hurried back from Tam'rack Swamp as fast as I could tramp. Me and John Baker went over there this mornin' to look for a bee tree. I met him out near the corner, an' nothin' would do but I must come

along. He says I can find a bee tree easier'n any man he knows; an' I guess he's about right about it. At any rate, I found this one. I am awful smart at findin' bee trees. It's a good one, too. John 'lows there's two hundred pounds of honey in it. One hundred for him and one hundred for us. We're goin' back in the mornin' with John's horse and wagin, if nothin' happens to hender, to bring it home. You never see anybody quite so tickled as John is. Says he's eat buckwheat cakes two winters 'thout honey, an' he don't want to do it ag'in. I told him you'd be jest as glad as him, for you'd been kinder hankerin' Here Polly suggested that they exchange some of it at the village store for coffee

jest a-practicin' for a wild Injin show; and tea. And while talking of the honey that's what they are. An' if I hadn't put the rough road to the swamp and John Bastrained, and then they began to look for something to bring the honey home in. As David started to go upstairs for the wash beiler, which Polly thought would be "jest the thing," she said; "An' as you're a-goin' up, David, you may as well take your other hat an' the carpit bag; there ain't no use havin' them layin' As the stair door swung shut after him,

his coat, which had been hanging from a nail on the door, fell to the floor, and something heavy rolled from the pocket and under the rocking chair. Polly, remembering the pistol, was too much frightened to scream, and stood listening in less succession of shots, which she had expected would follow, she cautiously stooped and looked under the chair. When she rose fashioned case containing a tintype of herself. The expression on her face would have been hard to analyze. There was something of pity, relief and gladness in it, not unmixed with a little amusement; but not a trace of the hard, unforgiving spirit of the morning. As David was coming down the stairs she replaced the picture in the pocket, and hung the coat back on its nail.

An hour later, when she opened the kitchen door to empty the dishpan, she looked out upon a bright moonlight night. The rain had ceased. As she returned and hung up the pan, she was singing softly to herself, in a voice that suggested tears: "If we err in human blindness, And forget that we are dust;

If we miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just, Snowy wings of peace shall cover All the plain that hides away-When the weary watch is over.

And the mists have cleared away.' -Mrs. Liddie Curtis, in the Independent.

Decorative Wives.

Harper's Bazar. Men marry from different motives. Most of them, doubtiess, from affection, from affinity, from desire to increase their comfort or content. Others again are impelled to matrimony rather by external than by internal considerations. Among these are men of copious means, to whom home signifies a handsome, complete establishment, and a wife a superb, harmonious figure to preside over it. They set out, therefore, on their quest in calm mood, with definite aim, little liable to be turned aside from their one purpose. As they are clear-headed, energetic, practical, not easily discouraged or frustrated, they invariably suc-

The woman they have secured has instinct and perception enough to know for what she is wanted, however much the chief want may have been concealed. The implied contract between her husband and herself is that he will furnish all that is needed to make his home luxurious, elegant, materially attractive, and she is to be its social high priestess. And the contract is usually well carried out. For with a large income this is not difficult. The pair are for the most part admirably and mutually adapted. He is socially ambitious; so is she. They supplement one another excellently. What he wishes she can fully and becomingly execute. She en-tirely understands what he can only suggest. Her sixth and seventh senses, which

Billings---An Angel.

Billings was an angel in the disguise of a small negro. He had attained the age of twelve and was exceedingly short of stature, it being the generally expressed belief that his spiritual development had been at the expense of his physical increase. Plainly stated by more irreverent admirers, it was because the blessings showered upon his woolly head had been so many that they weighed him down and made it impossible for him to rise above a material level of four feet. Howbe't, Billings was small for his age and supernaturally good. It was actually painful to see how good that boy was, a rebuke to his elders and betters in society. He went to Sunday school twice every Sunday, evincing a wonderful impartiality by attending a shouting minister of his own race in the morning and the Episcopal mission in the afternoon. He went year in and year out, being neither a fair-weather Christian nor a Christmastide scholar, and he passed through this dual trial every Sunday unscathed or undisturbed by conflicting doctrinal or theological questions. He reconciled the varied teachings in some way and made continual progress in goodness, and what more was necessary?

He was altogether too good to live, was Billings, asserted the women of the household, connecting for some reason not apparent to the male mind longevity with more or less wickedness. It was useless for mankind to point to the patriarchs to furnish instances of age and goodness. Things were different then asserted the weaker sex with more force than logic, apparently pinning their belief to the literal interpretation of the old adage which boldly declares "the good die young" and means something entirely different. These points are worth nothing, because they were brought up in several family controversies

A county in Virginia bounded Billings's world-a country house where his ancestors had been slaves funished his knowledge of polite society. He was one and the youngest of many children, and the only one of his clan who showed any capacity or desire for work. Morning and night Billings trudged to and fro between "The Manor" and his humble cabin. Servants were scarce; that is, they were like the birds of the air, and not to be caught with for so small a body in the menange of the Manor. It was the custom for all the family-even the third and fourth cousinsto gather at the old house in the autumn, and at the end of the first six months of Billings's term of service the house was filled with near and remote members of the family. It being a pleasant season, the black folk of the vicinity were content with the sweetness of doing nothing, and, therefore, beyond the man Abner at the stable and Billings at the house the household was taken in charge by the numerous girls who thought it more or less fun-for a little

Then that meek and gentle youth shone with glory. He was always smiling, always agreeable and ever ready to stop in the middle of one duty to begin another, and leave that half done at the solicitation of a third-but the marvel was that Billings returned to his first and second services and finished them. A sigh went up each night as the little figure started across the fields-a sigh of uneasiness lest he should fall into the family prejudice and fail to return to work. But the sun was not more regular, and Billings would appear the next morning, find the kitchen key hanging by a string from the upper piazza, and have the fire lit and the cows milked the scene to set breakfast. Then during the day he was always in demand and ever busy. The proverbial bee himself would have worn out his wings in accompanying Billings in his daily work.

The family consisted of six girls, three mothers, half a dozen boys of all ages, and a fifth cousin from New York. This latter was a young man of thirty who did his best to win the approval of all his relatives-particularly one. This one, it was believed, was the magnet which drew him to Virginia, he having been unaware of her existence until the summer previous, when they had met in the Adirondacks. He was a jealous man-Tom Ashton-and groaned at the praises lavished upon Billings, "You'll make him so conceited," claimed Tom, the oracle, "that he'll be worth nothing

"But he seldom gets a word of praise," put in Billings's fair defenders, "and he surely deserves it." "That may be," returned the young man, "but when the atmosphere is fairly charged with flattery the object of it is bound to become acquainted with it-by absorption or telepathy, or some way. Now, Grace and Nan and all the rest do nothing but discuss Billings all day long." "You're jealous," retorted Nan; "maybe you'd like us to talk about you.' "Why, yes," Tom answered with such avidity that Nan blushed consciously, and one of the others was forced to say that "Then the remarks wouldn't be so compli-

"I doan reckon Mr. Ashton favors me,"

"'cause he never asks me to do

drawled Billings one day while busy in the

"Now," said Nan, after repeating this remark, "what do you call that but Christian charity? The poor atom has but one idea-that of being useful to somebody." So Mr. Ashton, not alone for Billings's sake, kindly permitted that youth to clean his boots after a hunting expedition, and endeavored to salve his conscience, which reproached him for adding to the boy's labors, by a gratuity of a small coin-which Billings accepted with so sweet and graclous an air that the rash young man was tempted to double the fee. Then, after treated to a good scolding from all sides for attempting "to buy the angel's favor." "Great Caesar," thought the poor man after that, "what in thunder can I do to propitiate the idol and win one of the priestesses. Must I make love through that black angel-confound Billings, anyway." But Billings had been won and treated Mr. Ashton as though he were a centipede and inquired hourly for boots to clean in a most persistent manner. So Billings went his way, drawling out wise remarks on everything and trotting here and there on all errands bent. "Well, Billings," remarked Mr. Ashton as he brought up his shaving water one morning, "do you go to school! "Ye-es, sir," replied Billings, standing on one foot; "I do, sir. Have you gawt any

speakin' books?"

"What?" queried Ashton "Speakin' books, sir," said Billings slowly, "that you can speak pieces from." "Eh-no-that is, yes, I think I have, Billings," was Tom's answer, as though he generally carried a lot around with him. 'I'll get you one.' "Tha-ank you, sir," and Billings edged out of the room on tiptoes, while Tom immediately wrote to New York for the de-One morning Billings appeared with the remnant of an old red flannel shirt tied around his neck, and his legs se med to drag slowly behind him. 'I really do believe that Billings is sick." said some one at breakfast, and deep concern fell upon the faces of all-was the proverb to be true? Even Ashton looked worried and was particularly profuse in his offers to do something. As the day passed on Bilings grew more and more miserable and even seemed to be paler. Ashton would have called attention to this phenomenon did he not reflect that it would meet with a general denial followed by a lecture upon his levity.

Just before the dinner bel! rang Bilings

was discovered seated on the back steps

in an attitude betokening abject disgust

with all things of life, scarcely heeding the questions poured upon him by the anxious

"What is it, Billings?" was the chorus, and, leaning back and closing his eyes, Billings answered, "I-I dunno, 'm." "Tom! Where's Tom?" was the general cry, while some one in authority ordered the light wagon to be hitched up at once. "Well?" queried Mr. Ashton, emerging from the dining room, where he had been patiently waiting.

"Tom," cried Her mother, as Thomas appeared, "the light wagon will be here imme-I want you to take this poor child into Dr. Barlow's at once-he is very ill." 'Before dinner?' asked Mr. Ashton, and the looks which he received were sufficient answer; so he departed for his gloves, and by the time he had returned the wagon was ready. Billings was too ill to protest as Ashton lifted him in his arms, and Tom's heart was filled with pity as he propped the little urchin up on the seat. "Hurry, Tom, please" cried Nan; and Tom obeyed. A mile down the road the horse galloped at times; Billings yawned and shifted his seat. "Better, Billings?" asked his driver.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, and Billings "What's the matter?" asked Tom. "In what way do you feel sick?" "I got a misery here," said Billings, plachis hand on his waistband, "and feels awful sleepy. "Were you sick last night?" asked Tom, persistently. sir" replied Billings; went 'coon

hunting.' "Ha!" cried the young man. . "Yes, sir," drawled Billings, much revived by the drive. "Gawt two coons." "Well, what have you been doing today?" questioned Tom.

"Takin' med'cine," said Billings.
"What! Taking medicine? Where did "This mornin' right after breakfas'," explained Billings, Miss Nan, she call me up an' say I mus' be sick, so she give me some pills what was white. Her mother, Miss Mary, after awhile made me drink some pink med'cine, an' Miss Grace she took me in the dinin' room an' tole me to swaller white powder 'n water dat was awful, an' Miss Car'line, when I took some wood up to her room, hed some more pills for me, 'cause she said I look real bad. Den Miss Lizzie she bring me some yaller med'cine in a cup an' Miss Jinnie foller me out to the smokehouse with more pills, an' I disremember what the others give me. Tom burst into a roar of laughter. "Didn't you tell any of them that you already had taken some medicine?" he asked. "No, sir," replied Billings, solemnly, "I never did-I jes' took 'em 'cause they tole

"Great Caesar," cried Tom, still shaking with laughter. "And you were not a bit sick? What's the matter with your neck?" "Hornet stung me this mornin'," explained Billings, putting his hand up to the rag, "an' I stuck some mud on it. Whar'm

"I'm going to take you home, Billings," said Tom, "and you can have a holiday Do you feel all right?" "Yessir-jes' a little sleepy. Who'll milk the cows?"

"We'll get Abner to do that," replied Tom, "and you needn't come back until to-morrow morning. Understand?" "Yessir." said Billings, who did not quite understand the situation after all, but nevertheless accepted it. Tom chuckled like a demon on his way home, until he came within sight of the lower gate and saw Nan waiting for him then he grew fearfully grave. "What is it?" she cried as Tom came up.
"Well, I don't exactly what they call it,"
returned Tom, solemnly, helping Nan into the wagon, "but a little more and he might

"Yes-and then how would you have felt?" Tom said. "It's lucky for you he's "Lucky for me," cried Nan, "What did "You started it," was Tom's answer. "You and every other woman in the house dosed the poor object surreptitiously with various medicines of varied hues until it's a wonder he's alive. Every one of you forced something down his throat-just because a hornet stung him and he tied a

"Oh, Tom," was all that Nan could say, "Won't I have fun," chuckled Tom, sav-"Are you going to tell?"
"Am I?" laughed Tom, "I should say

"On me?" (This was rather reproachful.) "Well, I'm open to bribes," said the graceless youth. "What will you give if I don't tell on you?" The answer was so low that only Tom heard it. "Anything?" he softly cried. "Do you mean it, Nan?" Again the answer was whispered, but there was no mistaking it, however, for Tom dropped the reins and remarked as he caught her hands earnestly, "Then Billings is an angel"-and Nan, blushingly, nodded

-Havel Scott Mines.

Vegetables as Medicines.

"There would not be much of a hue and cry about malaria in the system if people would only eat more of the early spring vegetables," said Dr. E. M. Courtland, of Upper Sandusky, yesterday. "Now here is one of the most excellent scorbutic remedies or preventives one could possibly procure," he continued, holding up and preparing to devour the delicate shaft of a brand new onion, "and it is good for almost every minor ailment the system is subject to. It has powerful cleansing properties in the billary ducts, and a half a dozen of them at each meal at this time of year will do more to renovate a system full of winter accretions and open up the innumerable tiny canals in the body that carry off the refuse than a regular course of medical treatment, superinduced by the most

ascetic diet imaginable. "Then there is asparagus," continued the doctor. "No vegetable possesses more virtues and beneficient qualities. The man who eats plenty of asparagus in the spring and summer need have no fear of Bright's disease or any other kidney complaint, provided he doesn't drink mineral water with his whisky, for the kidneys have never been made which could stand that their fill of spring vegetables, as they are called, providing, of course, they are fresh Billings had heralded his good fortune from the housetops, the misguided Tom was will have a great deal less to do."

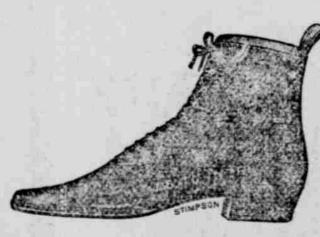
Why He Faltered.

Puck.

"Here," said the farmer, "just split up some of that railroad timber and I'll give you a good meal." "Alas! I can not," said the tramp; "the greater part of my life has been passed in walking on such as those. It is too much like breaking up home ties."

A Slight Misconception.

Boston Courier. "Mamma," asked the high school girl, "may I study Browning?" "Why, yes, child," said her mother; "I am glad you have come to your senses at last. Just wait a minute and I'll get out the flour, butter, lard and eggs, and show you how



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